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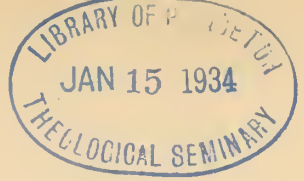
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MEMORIAL, RELIGIOUS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



By O. D. MARTIN.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY HENRY B. ASHMEAD,
Nos. 1102 and 1104 Sanson Street,
1866.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES PRINTED
FOR THE AUTHOR.

Dedication.

TO MR. ALAN WOOD, JR.,

"River View," Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The pleasure I experienced when I beheld this beautifully printed volume (my first volume of Poems) was greatly enhanced by the thought, that I could dedicate it to you. Our friendship has been so earnest, so true, and so real, so little like the friendship of this sad world of ours, that whatever is of interest to the one, is sure to please and entertain the other. Accept then, as a slight token of my esteem and an acknowledgment of my gratitude for your many kindnesses, this tribute. Most of the poems you have read, two-thirds of them having been published from time to time in the Magazines and Daily Newspapers. Some of them I had intended to omit in this collection, but as I shamefully neglected them when they were first sent into the world, and showed them no countenance whatever, I have concluded in my selfishness, now that they have obtained a little popularity, to lay claim to them. I know that there is nothing particularly beautiful or remarkable in the volume, (if I except the printing, which is beyond all praise), but I am happy in believing, that no matter how indifferent the poems may appear to others, they will always be highly valued by you, not especially for the sake of the poetry, but because you love him who wrote it.

O. D. MARTIN.

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1866.

To my Book.

INTO the criticising world I send thee,
Without a hope or home, without a friend,
(For few I fear will ever dare befriend thee),
To journey on, not knowing what thy end;
Perhaps some one a helping hand will lend thee,
Perhaps some Bard will strain a song for thee;
But many more will strive to tear or rend thee
Into a nothingness—*Who thinks of me?*

My heart and soul are in thy few short pages,
And though no beauty in thee may be found,
And though thou wilt not live in after ages,
Nor to a future generation give a sound—
Still if 'gainst thee stern criticism rages,
And bigots will not choose to welcome thee,
(For thou art not from one of Nature's Sages)
Thou wilt be welcomed where they'd welcome me.

Leaves of Memory.

Bright be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be :
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest :
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?"

BYRON.

POEMS.

Vines on the Death of E. J.

DEATH came upon me when my heart was lightest,
When every joy was mine,
And bore away when Hope's bright star shone brightest,
My friend and thine.*

The fairest flower that God had ever given
The Angel claimed as his,
And blooming now in azure fields of heaven,
Our treasure is.

Know'st thou dear friend or canst thou till the Jordan
Fades on thy anxious eye;
The bliss which thrilled the wanderer when her pardon
Came through the sky?

Know'st thou my friend the joy which smiles upon her,
Now that life's journey's o'er?
View'st thou the scenes of light which open on her,
In that blest shore?

Philosophy is lost amid the hazes
Which float around the Throne,
Mortality with earthly eyes, but gazes
On night alone.

* These lines were written in an Album belonging to a friend of E. J.

All further search and knowledge are forbidden ;
The bliss beyond the skies
Is known to Angels only, and is hidden
From mortal eyes.

Her's is the rapturous bliss beyond all telling—
Free from all earthly care,
She rests securely in her Father's dwelling
In realms of air.

No grief can enter that all cloudless Aiden,
On Jesus' kindly breast,
All who are weary, worn, or heavy laden,
Find quiet rest.

Not by the bank of yonder placid river,
Nor yet in yonder grave,
Her wearied Soul has fallen asleep forever,
Where none can save ;—

No, not in yonder grave! e'en at the portal
It fled from Death's embrace,
Threw off mortality and reigns immortal,
Redeemed by Grace.

The grave ne'er held a Soul—the flesh may wither,
And dust return to dust ;
The Soul is God's, and the Almighty giver
Guards well His trust.

Dear sainted Sister, who art gone before us,
I hear, I hear thy voice,
Swelling its praise amid the immortal chorus
Of Jesus' choice.

Oft in a trance, a day-dream, or a vision,
Thy beauteous form I see,
Treading o'er flowers in a path Elysian,
Clothed wondrously.

I know, no matter what thou may'st be doing,
Thou'lt oft times think of me,
And I, thy footsteps thro' Heaven's path pursuing,
Will think of thee.

I know, though joys are thine and bliss unending,
I know where'er thou art,
Full many a word of comfort thou art sending,
To cheer this heart.

Thine is the voice which whispers to me ever—
“Trust and be not afraid ;
Trust, and the God who leaves His children never,
Will see thee stayed.”

She is not dead, nor lost unto us wholly ;
Her influence and love
Speak to our hearts, and point us, oh ! how truly,
To realms above.

Let us, my friend, heed every warning, given
In love to us, by her—
Oh, let her be our inward lamp to Heaven—
Our monitor.

Let us forsake this world so false and hollow,
And tread the path she trod ;
Let us her bright and blest example follow,
And turn to God.

Then in the mansion of eternal pleasure,
 When life's dread storm is past,
Seated by Christ and our ascended treasure,
 We'll rest at last.

TO E. J.

Go, bright Spirit, go,
Our Lord hath called thee hence,
A glorious joy thou art to know—
A Crown thy recompense.

Go, bright Spirit, now,
With youth's fresh flush upon thee,
Ere care shall furrow deep thy brow,
Or Winter's frost be on thee.

Go, bright Spirit, go,
Where partings are no more,
Where tears of agony and woe
Are o'er, forever o'er.

Go, bright Spirit, give
Thy soul to Jesus' keeping—
He suffered death that thou might'st live:
Thou art not dead, but sleeping.

Go, bright Spirit, go
In all thy joyous seeming,
Leave, leave this world of vice and woe,
This world of empty dreaming.

Go, bright Spirit, home
To worlds from sorrow free—
Though thou to me canst never come,
I, I can go to thee.

Our Tomb.

The mirth and gladness of the winged music-makers have seemed to me to be sadly out of place amid the sacred gloom which surrounds a graveyard.

SHE rests by the bank of a river,
My heart and my life,
And the Robin Red-Breast
Builds his beautiful nest
On the branch of a tree
Which waves mournfully
Over my wife.

The bird is a bright little fellow,
His mate's by his side,
And amid the deep gloom
Which envelops the tomb,
He's as happy and gay
As a school-boy at play—
But my mate has died.

Oh! my grave is there by the river,
I'm buried there too—
So, Robin, sing, sing,
And flutter your wing,
Be merry and spry,
And my darling and I
Shall listen together,
And watch every feather
Fluttering for you.

It is not for Thee I am Weeping.

IT is not for thee I am weeping,
 It is not for thee my tears flow,
 Thou canst not, thou canst not be sleeping
 With earth for thy pillow—ah! no.
 A loved one my heart fondly cherished,
 An Angel all spotless has flown,
 A flower in blooming has perished,
 I feel, oh! I feel I'm alone.

But it is not for thee I am weeping,
 It is not for thee my tears flow,
 Thou canst not, thou canst not be sleeping
 With earth for thy pillow—ah! no.

How I bitterly dread each to-morrow!
 E'en my dreams are of trouble and pain,
 On my heart is the weight of deep sorrow,
 And the night-cloud has set on my brain.
 In this short, transient scene—this ideal,
 This moment to what is to be,
 I am missing a glorious real,
 But it cannot, it cannot be thee.

Oh! it is not for thee I am weeping,
 It is not for thee my tears flow,
 Thou canst not, thou canst not be sleeping
 With earth for thy pillow—ah! no.

As water in rock is imbedded,
 Thou wert grown in the heart of my heart,
 And we seemed so unchangeably wedded,
 That nothing could rend us apart.
 Thou wert mine, and I thine, and forever,
 From each other we could not break free—
 Could I live and without thee? ah! never—
 What were life—what were hope without thee?

Oh! it is not for thee I am weeping,
 It is not for thee my tears flow,
 Thou canst not, thou canst not be sleeping
 With earth for thy pillow—ah! no.

Every joy of this world, every pleasure
 Has vanished before me and fled,
 For they told me, thou all priceless treasure,
 It was thou, it was thou who wert dead.
 But each day and each night thou'rt before me,
 And in visions thy sweet face I see,
 And I rest with thy form bending o'er me,—
 Oh! it cannot—it cannot be thee.

Oh! it is not for thee I am weeping,
 It is not for thee my tears flow,
 Thou canst not, thou canst not be sleeping
 With earth for thy pillow—ah! no.

To G. J.

ALAS! how little did I dream
That I should live to mourn for thee,
Or that this world should ever seem
So drear and desolate to me!

My heart is buried in the earth,
Where calmly sleeping thou dost lie,
And stilled is all my wonted mirth,
And dim and tearful is my eye.

Thy joyous, merry voice no more
At evening's hour shall charm my ear;
Thy heart-felt welcomings are o'er,
Thy kindly words have ceased to cheer.

The hand, which fondly clasped my own,
Is nerveless now, and turned to clay;
The heart, which beat to mine alone,
Has sweetly throbb'd thy life away.

All, all is over now, and I
On earth no more thy form shall see,
But in a calmer, clearer sky,
How blest shall our reunion be!

Peace to thy dust! The spark has fled,
Which o'er a little world threw light;
Peace to thy dust! Thou art not dead,—
Thy soul has only ta'en its flight:

Its flight to happy realms above,
And now where saints their strains prolong,
Pours forth its praise of Jesus' love
In rapturous, angelic song.

God gave thee to me, thou Bright Star,
To guide me to the Heavenly Home;
And now from thy calm world afar,
I hear thee calling—"Loved one, come."

My heart replies, and lays its guilt
At Jesus' feet and sues for grace;—
"Lord, thou canst pardon, if thou wilt,
And every guilty stain efface."

Soon shall the angel pass my door,
Soon shall He summon me away,
Soon shall this troubled night be o'er,
Soon shall break forth the cloudless day ;

Soon shall I meet thee in the skies,
Soon shall I (purified, forgiven)
From this dark vale of sorrow rise
And join thee in the ranks of heaven ;

Soon in that blissful place of rest
(My duties and my labors done)
We, who on earth God more than blest
Shall be inseparate and one.

To E. J.

I FEEL the weight and fearful sense,
In its most agonizing tense,
Of utter, utter loneliness.

Oh, heart! oh, heart! wilt thou not break?
Must memory bid thee ever ache?
Is there no balm in Lethe's lake?

Forgetfulness! Ah, blessed theme!
But when I wake or when I dream,
My heart throbs sore with grief extreme.

Oh! Soother, Comforter and Guide,
Oh! ever gentle, loving Bride,
How could stern death our joys divide?
Oh! that his dart had pierced my side,
And I with thee, my life, had died!

God's messenger on earth to me;—
Oh! what a loss I have in thee!
Where shall thy like, thy image be?

Death yearned for such a matchless gem,
And placed thee in his diadem.
'Tis hard to say, and feel "Amen."

Oh, agony! oh, deathful smart!
Thou wert a portion and a part,
An ingrowth of this bleeding heart.

Grown with my growth thou wert, and we
Were one, one indissolubly—
My life in thine, and thine in me.

It seemed the pleasure of the skies
That I should live in thy bright eyes
For years, and know no sorrow rise—
But God has ordained otherwise.

I view thee happy and I'm blest,
Blest in my misery;—it is best;
Thy soul's in heaven, at rest, at rest.

Oh! mourned, lamented, buried Love!
Be thou to me the Spirit-Dove,
And bear the peace-branch from above.

Bear to my heart a heavenly peace,
Give me from doubt a sweet release,
Bid troublous fears and sorrows cease.

Give me thy confidence in God;
And, while I weep o'er thy grave-sod,
Teach me to bow and kiss the rod.

Two Little Years Ago.

Two little years ago,
Hope with her hand in mine
Journeyed with me among
Scenes where life's beauties shine,
Where sweetest songs are sung,
Two little years ago.

Two little years ago,
Every life-promise bright
Blossomed and bloomed for me ;
Then, then my heart was light,
Light as a bird's and free,
Two little years ago.

Two little years ago,
Bright eyes spoke love to mine ;
All, all the joy and bliss
That in the Saints' world shine,
My soul felt in this,
Two little years ago.

Two little years ago,
I lived and moved in her ;
All that I wished was she ;—
I was her worshiper,
For she was Heaven to me,
Two little years ago.

Two little years ago,
We took our last embrace—
Death was my rival lover,
And to a far off place
Bore her, and joy was over,
Two little years ago.

Two little years ago,
I knew my heart was dead,
Dead, dead, within my breast ;
Sad, bitter tears I shed,
And my grief knew no rest,
Two little years ago.

The Portrait.

THY portrait hangs before me now,
An image, love, of thee;
No time-marks on thy lovely brow
My gazing eyes can see.

I look on thy expressive face,
And find thy bright smile there,
And well the Artist's magic trace
Has browned thy lustrous hair.

Thy eye on me still mildly beams,
Thy lips are ope'd to speak,
And Health's bright rose, it fairly seems,
Is budding on thy cheek.

Oh! when the care of day is o'er,
And all its trouble fled,
I on thy portrait look once more,
And think thou art not dead.

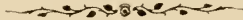
I dream the picture has a voice,
I see, or think I see,
The angel-woman of my choice
Come back to life and me.

Oh! bless the counterfeiting Art
Which gives us form and shade,
The smile, the love-light from the heart,
Ere yet our dear ones fade.

Though thou art gone from scenes of strife,
From sorrow and disease,
I have thee near me as in life,
And thou wilt ever please.

If Art this triumph had not won,
And we could never see
The loved forms that the grave closed on,
I would remember thee.

For Love is wiser far than Art,
And he thy form has traced
So plainly, deeply on my heart,
It cannot be effaced.



THOU irrecoverable gem,
That sparkled for a moment here
(Now sparkling in the heavens bright),
How many an unseen, unknown tear
Courses my cheek by day and night,
Since, vision-like, thou left'st my sight!
Dost thou not pity them?

Where art Thou, Dearest, To-night?

WHERE art thou, dearest, to-night?

Where is thy home in the skies?

Art thou the star I see shining so bright,

Or is it but one of thy eyes?

Sometimes the heavens look dread,

And down upon earth falls the rain—

Is it not tears the departed ones shed

For the lovers they sigh for in vain?

What dost thou do in the sky?

Where dost thou wander and roam?

Amid flowers whose beauty and perfume ne'er die

Have the chosen ones builded thy home?

Are the streams golden and fair?

Is the throne emerald all?

Do music and melody breathe in the air,

And on thy ear endlessly fall?

Oh! sweet is the music of earth

From lips that are loving and true,

But what are our sweetest of melodies worth,

Compared with the songs breathed by you?

Brighter than any bright star

Shining most brightly this even,

Queen of the realm in the region afar,

I sigh and I sigh for thy heaven.

Crushed, but not broken.

CRUSHED, but not broken, may I like the flower
Which feels a wintry blast,
Rise in the sunshine of a brighter hour,
And conquer all the Past.

Conquer the Past,—forget the scars Time's arrow
Has left upon my heart;
Relive it in my mind, but not its sorrow,
Recall its brightest part.

Recall the holy, sweet associations,
With those who made life blest,
With her, the tenderest of all heart relations,
My faithful one, and best.

Faithful! aye, matchless in her pure devotion,
Unchangeable and true;
With her I would have drained Life's bitterest potion,
And fought the world anew.

Fought! ah! 'tis terrible to fight Life's battle
Friendless, and all alone:
We need some sweet voice in the world's mad rattle,
To aid, and cheer us on.

Partner of all my joy, and all my weeping,
Cheerer of Life's dull way,
All of Mortality in thee is sleeping,
And hastening to decay;

But thy Immortal, death-defying spirit,
 Bursting through fleshy bars,
Has reached the region which the blest inherit,
 Above, beyond the stars.

There I may view thee from my world of sorrow,
 And hush all doubts and fears,
And comfort from this knowledge I oft borrow,
 And smile amid my tears.

I joy to know I have a friend in heaven,
 A friend I lately pressed
Close, close unto my heart,—an Angel given
 To make me doubly blest.

Doubly, for while on earth we walked in pleasure,
 All blessings came through thee,
And now, in heaven, my brightest, dearest treasure
 Is where my heart should be.

Oh! blessed one, to-night as I sit thinking
 Of all my sorrows here,
And feel my spirit in my bosom sinking,
 With no one nigh to cheer ;—

My tears rush from their founts, and I grow weary,
 Life's path so rosy made
By thee, is thick with thorns and dark and dreary,
 And I am sore afraid.

Oh! leave to-night thy roamings and thy wanderings
 Around thy world of bliss,
And stand in holy presence o'er the ponderings
 Of my sad soul in this.

Teach me the Past; I will forget the Present,
Its longings and its sighs—
Teach me the Past—it is forever pleasant,
Its beauty never dies.

Come with thy crown and heavenly treasures laden,
Come in thy robes of snow,
The spotless, blood-washed garments of the maiden
I loved so long ago.

Oh! take my hand in spirit, take and lead me,
Whisper, and I will hear;
Thou canst not tell how much, how much I need thee
When Life is dark and drear.

Oh! I have missed thee, morning, noon, and even;
The poorest spot on earth
Was rich with thee, and bloomed into a heaven;
I knew and felt thy worth.

And now the memory of the days departed
Brightens the passing days,
And though my song seem sad and broken-hearted,
It is a song of praise.

To Carrie.

AT THE LAST MORTAL MOMENT.

SISTER! this ring is thine,
I yield it with my life;
It once was hers who once was mine,
And I had hoped would be my wife.

Take thou her gift to me,
And keep it in my stead;
For I loved her, and she loved thee,
And thou should'st wear it when I'm dead.

Ah! it has had the power,
With talismanic art,
To brighten many a gloomy hour,
And bring contentment to my heart.

I've gazed upon the ring,
And thought of her as past
All mortal care and suffering,
And in her blissful home at last.

And this has made me glad
To know she was at rest—
To know her hopes and longings had
Forever ceased, and she was blest.

Oh! jewel kindly given,
 I yield thee with my breath ;
I'd have no need of thee in heaven,
Nor could I use thee after death.

So, sister, take the ring,
 And when I cease to be,
I trust this little golden thing
May cause thee oft to think of me.

Religious Poetry.

Song of the Righteous.

“The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.”

OH! King of kings and Lord of lords,
I'm happy in thy blessed words,
And my poor heart beats wild and free,
To think thou wilt remember me.

If all we ask thee could be given,
What could we ask for more than heaven;
To dwell with thee in realms above,
And see thy mercy, feel thy love?

This world were sad, oh! sad indeed,
If thou would'st leave us in our need;
If thou would'st turn from those who hate,
Oh! what, kind Lord, were sinner's fate?

I wait thy coming, mighty God,
I long to pass beneath the rod,
I long to sing in heaven thy praise,
And serve my Maker all my days.

Oh! when with Care.

OH! when with care the sinful heart
Is weary and oppressed,
Go take to God the wounded part
And he will give it rest.

When sinners flee from wrath to come,
And leave their wicked ways,
God cheers them from his heavenly home,
And keeps them all their days.

Let's fix our hearts on God alone,
Who in the day of care
Looks kindly from his heavenly throne,
And points his children there.

Whilst Thou art by.

WHILST thou art by I shall not need,
I shall through thee be saved indeed ;
Within the dismal paths of Death,
When thou art by I draw my breath.

Oh! when my soul has fled away,
And left this worthless mass of clay,
May I in thee a refuge find
To soothe my heart and ease my mind.

Death hath no terrors when we know
God has the Keys of Hell below ;
Oh! happy Death, twice blessed to me,
For by it I can come to thee.

Thou art the Rock on which we stand,
The guide to lead us to thy land ;
Oh! all would happy, happy be,
If all would put their trust in thee.

April 20, 1858.

Wake, my Soul.

WAKE, my soul, thy night is over,
And thy morning dawns at last,
Wake, for angels o'er thee hover,
Offering pardon for the past.

Wake, thy future is before thee;
Pray to God by day and night,
And the sins which now hang o'er thee
Will be pardoned by his might.

Wake, for God is no deceiver,
He is speaking through the sky,
Wake, thou piteous unbeliever,
Or thou shalt forever die.

Wake, oh wake, why art thou sleeping,
When thou should'st be on thy guard,
When thou should'st a watch be keeping,
For the coming of the Lord?

Wake, and sleep no more, thou dreamer,
God is calling through the sky;—
Hear the words of thy Redeemer,—
“Wake from sin or thou shalt die.”

Wake, oh wake, thy night is over,
And thy morning dawns at last,
Wake, for angels o'er thee hover,
With redemption for the past.

To Thee, my Saviour.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
I humbly bow my head,
Repentance to thee, Lord, I bring,
For wicked ways I've led.

Oh! wilt thou turn thy face from me,
And frown from out thy heaven?
I ask for pardon, Lord, of thee,
And pray to be forgiven.

I've darkly sinned and scorned thy love,
But hear me while I pray;—
Look kindly from thy throne above,
And wipe my tears away.

My wicked heart is sore with sin,
I'm weary and oppressed;
Oh! cleanse each blackened part within,
And take me to thy breast.

Oh! let me lean upon thy form,
For near thee I'm secure;
I'd sheltered be from every storm,
From every thought impure.

When thou art near my heart is strong,
But weak when from thy sight:
Oh! keep me, Lord, from every wrong,
And lead me in the right.

Watch o'er me, Lord, by night and day,
Let e'en my thoughts be good—
Oh! wash my many sins away,
And cleanse me with thy blood.

Take from my breast this stony heart,
It weighs my spirit down;
Oh! let me live to wear a part
Of thine immortal crown.

Take up the Cross.

“Blessed are ye when men shall revile you.”

TAKE up the cross—let men revile,
What care you for their frown or smile?
If you in Virtue’s robes are clad,
Rejoice and be exceeding glad.

Take up the cross—let all men see
You love the Lord, and fearlessly;
Though men your earthly ties have riven,
They cannot mar your peace in heaven.

Take up the cross,—the course you choose
Is just, you gain, you cannot lose:
You gain a Life that never dies,
A Home eternal in the skies.

Take up the cross, for life is brief,
And death in sin is endless grief;
For mortal man can never tell
The endless misery of hell.

Take up the cross—if you have trod
The narrow way, and walked with God,
Death is to you a blessed thing,
It brings you bliss without a sting.

Take up the cross, and love your God,
And pass beneath the chastening rod,
And God will meet you in the skies,
To give you life that never dies.

The Awakening.

SOUND the glad tidings from nation to nation,
And let the earth joyfully, fearlessly ring,
For the Gospel is spreading from station to station,
And Jesus is reigning, our Saviour is King.

On the light wings of mercy, Religion is coming,
Our once darkened prospects look bright to the eye,
For the sinner who far from his Maker was roaming,
Is repenting his sins ere God calls him to die.

The good work is spreading, our prayers are bringing
Sad souls to Christ's banner, new lambs to the fold,
And the angels in heaven are joyfully singing,
And nature seems glad the great change to behold.

Go teach the Gospel, the Word, and our Saviour,
Forgiving your foes as you would be forgiven,
Go teach the heathen their evil behavior,
And Jesus will bless you and join you in heaven.

Our Saviour's Call.

“COME to me, thou mourning sinner,
Lay aside each care and fear,
I will take thee to my bosom,
I will wipe away each tear.”

“Come to me, thou broken-hearted,
I will heal thy burning grief,
Bring the balm of soothing nature,
Give thy saddened soul relief.”

“Come to me, thou darling orphan,
Weeping for a parent's love,
Come, I'll be thy fond protector,
From the realms of bliss above.”

“Come to me, grief-stricken widow,
Do no longer walk astray,
Come, and I will gladly bless thee,
I will wash thy sins away.”

Thus it is our Lord is calling
Us to an eternal bliss,
Offering us a heavenly mansion
For a wicked world like this.

Who will seek this blissful dwelling?
'Tis for you, for me, for all;
Listen while our Lord is calling,
He may one day cease to call.

Oh! Happy He.

OH! happy he who puts his trust
In God who dwells on high,
Who seeks eternal happiness,
And Life which cannot die.

Who sees to-morrow, not to-day,
Or fleeting pleasures here,
And looks into his future life
Without a sign of fear.

With God his pilot, safe his bark
Rides o'er life's stormy sea,
And happily he gains the shore
Of sweet eternity.

All worldly cares and tears are past,
From sin and sorrow free,
He joins the Angels in a life
Of immortality.

And joyously he sings his praise,
To God who dwells above,
And happy is he all his days
'Mid scenes of peace and love.

God's Love.

AH! who is He who softens care,
And to the weary breast
Brings gentle words and balmy air,
To soothe it into rest?

And who is He who sits on high,
To rule the earth and sea,
And lets our many faults pass by
Unkept in memory?

Who pardons and forgives us all,
When we in meekness go ;—
When at His feet we kneeling fall,
Who gently soothes our woe?

Who brings a balm to aching hearts,
Who heals the widow's grief,—
Who happiness to all imparts,
Who gives to all relief?

Ah! mourner, in this "vale of tears,"
'Tis God will ease thy breast,
'Tis God will hush thy many fears,
And give thee lasting rest.

The Reunion.

WE'LL meet again, we'll meet again,
Our sorrows will be o'er,
We'll have no care or trouble, when
We're on that happy shore.

All will be happiness and bliss;
Our souls to God are given,—
For other realms we'll give up this,
And join our Lord in heaven.

We'll meet again, we'll meet again,
Our heart-aches will be o'er,
And free from care, and free from pain,
We'll rest for evermore.

Oh, bless the day that calls us hence,
When earthly ties are riven,
For joy shall be our recompense,
Our home shall be in heaven.

Deal kindly with Thy Servant.

DEAL kindly with thy servant, Lord,
That I may live and keep thy word;
Lord, ope my eyes, that I may see
What is my duty, Lord, to thee.

Thou Saviour of the good and just,
In thee, great King, I put my trust;
To serve thee all my days I'll try,
And be prepared when death is nigh.

I long to be with God above,
And dwell in mercy, peace, and love;
To hear the angels sweetly sing
Their praises to the mighty King.

Then, Lord, have pity, stand thou near,
When thou art by I've naught to fear;
Unto thy care I'll yield my breath,
And feel secure in life or death.

Christ is Risen.

EXULT, exult and sing
Songs of love and grace,
Jesus is our Saviour King,
And heaven his dwelling-place.

He's risen from the dead,
He comes the world to save ;
Oh! sleeping sinner, raise thy heart,
Be ready for the grave.

He calls, he calls to thee,
From out his home in heaven,
"Oh! sleeping sinner, come to me,
And have thy sins forgiven."

And wilt thou mock his word,
And still with sinners live?
Oh! no, go freely to the Lord,
He will thy sins forgive.

Each Prayer is heard.

GOD hears each prayer,—the little child
Is heard by God upon his throne,
And as it prays in accents mild,
God gladly claims it as his own.

And when the strong man bows his head,
Or weeps a sad, repentant tear,
Or mourns the wicked ways he's led,
God stoops his aching heart to cheer.

Or if the heart is full of grief,
And cannot name its sorrows o'er,
God gives that burdened heart relief,
And makes it lighter than before.

Come, sinner, come, nor let thy doom
Of everlasting woe be sealed,
Come, ere they close the silent tomb,
And all thy sorrows shall be healed.

Take me, Lord.

TAKE me, Lord, and make me thine,
Let me walk within thy sight,
In this darkened heart of mine,
Dark with error, "be there light."

Take me, Lord, and let thy mild,
Gentle spirit in me reign,
Make me humble as a child,
Teach me to be born again.

Take me, Lord, and watch my way,
Be through life my friend and guide,
I can never go astray,
If I have thee by my side.

Take me, Lord, my heart is young,
Young in truth, but old in sin,
Be thou guardian of my tongue,—
Oh! be thou my light within.

Take me, Lord, and give me Faith,
Faith which trusts and knows not fear,
Make me conqueror of Death
And the grave and all things here.

Take me, Lord,—thy way is best,
I will follow, if thou lead;
With thee I am richly blest,
But without thee, poor indeed.

Praise to God.

WITH heart and soul let's sing our praise
To God who dwells above,
For if we serve him all our days,
He'll keep us in his love.

And when we die, as die we must,
And from the world are driven,
Although our bodies may be dust,
Our souls shall be in heaven.

The End of all Things.

FLOWERS which now are blooming,
All the earth perfuming
 With their fragrant breath,
Soon shall fade and wither
 At the touch of Death.

Babes which now are laughing,
Pleasure's sweetness quaffing,
 Soon shall pass away,
And in graves shall moulder
 Into useless clay.

Youth, which knows no sorrow,
Thinks not of the morrow,
 With ambition high,
Shoots the flying eagle,
 Aims e'en to the sky.

But the great Destroyer
Death, Ambition's spoiler,
 Blasts it in the bloom,
And with Youth hopes wither
 In the dismal tomb.

But the hope of Heaven,
To us all is given,
 And we've naught to fear,
When our bodies perish,
 God our souls will cheer.

And when Life is over,
Sorrows will not hover
 O'er our happy hearts,
But the kiss of Heaven
For Life's wounds is given,
 And Life's care departs.

Though each friend should perish,
Though each hope we cherish
 Feels a crushing blast,
Still our God is with us
 Changeless to the last.

Miscellaneous Poetry.

Anniversary of Washington's Birthday.

AROUSE! arouse! ye citizens,
And hail the blessed morn
When the Father of his country,
When our Washington was born.

His deeds, his worthy, noble deeds,
Alone proclaim his worth,
And render him immortal with
The purest ones of earth.

Rome tells us of a Cæsar,
Of his warlike deeds and fame,
But she never had a Washington—
God bless his noble name.

Our country's Father still shall live
In every freeman's breast,
And on our History's pages stand,
Of all true men the best.

That name so welcome to his friends,
So feared by all his foes,
Will live when all things mortal shall
Have sunk in calm repose.

When time itself shall be extinct,
And naught of earth remain,
Eternity will catch the theme,
And dwell upon his name.

The fame of kings and queens will sink
Before oblivion's grasp,
But time shall bear our Washington's
Triumphant to the last.

What would we be but England's slaves,
But subjects of a crown,
Had not our noble Washington
Put Tyrant's power down?

Had not our Washington rose up,
The freeman's wrongs to right,
And teach to every English heart,
How fiercely freemen fight?

Oh! could we but appreciate
His merit and his zeal,
We'd sing his praise in anthems which
Each Englishman could feel.

Our Washington with untried men,
Put England's power down,
Prostrated at our Eagle's feet,
The famous British crown.

The English lion bowed to him,
On Yorktown's battle-plain,
And learned by heart a lesson which
He'll not wish taught again.

At Monmouth, ah ! that bloody spot,
He show'd his wisdom too,
And planted there our country's flag,
The red, the white and blue.

He needs no monumental pile,
To tell his worthy fame,
And patriot hearts will think of him,
As one exempt from blame.

As one who cheered the soldier's heart
In sickness or in grief,
As one who to a wounded man
Brought ready, kind relief.

'Twas Liberty unsheathed his sword,
But no disgraceful stain
Was on that blade when he returned
It to its sheath again.

He took no life which he could save,
He did not fight for fame ;
He drew his sword for country's good,
And won a noble name.

He saved our country from disgrace,
He broke our country's chains ;
And we will never cease to think
Of him while life remains.

We'll bless him with our dying breath,
And time will in its flight
Remember him who brought a morn
On Freedom's darkest night.

Remember him to whom all good,
All virtue here was given ;
Who loved his country next his God,
His Master, God in heaven.

The Dying Soldier.

ON the battle's bloody plain,
Where both young and old were slain,
Where the wounded writhed with pain,
 A soldier dying lay;
His lamp of life was failing fast,
Long looked for death had come at last,
But ere he died, one thought he cast
 On friends then far away.

A loving comrade at his side,
In gentle kindness stayed the tide
Of red blood gushing in its pride
 From him so soon to die;
And wiping from his eye a tear,
He bent a fond, attentive ear,
To catch the words he wished to hear,
 For none save him were by.

At length the soldier raised his head,
He looked around, he saw the dead;—
“Ah! comrade, soon I'll be,” he said,
 “With those who lie around;
This useless dust to dust return,
This aching heart, will cease to burn,
This soul, an earthly grave will spurn,
 My bones rest in the ground.”

“But ere my senses pass away,
 Oh, list, kind comrade! list, I pray,
 And bear a message far away,

To her I mourn to blast:
 Tell her though floods rolled deep between,
 And years have fled since we have seen
 Each other, still to her I’ve been
 True, changeless to the last.

“And tell my darling not to weep,
 For him who sleeps his long, last sleep,
 For him who sleeps Death’s slumber, deep,

As the black clouds of even;
 Tell her though we shall meet no more
 On earth, and my fond hope is o’er,
 I point the way—I go before,
 We’ll join our hearts in heaven.

“Bear message for me to another—
 I have no father, sister, brother,
 But oh! my loved, my widowed mother,—

Speak kindly of her son;—
 I was her only, dearest pride;
 Tell her that you were at my side,
 And heard me bless her ere I died,
 Oft bless her ere Death won.

“Tell her, though pale had grown my cheek,
 And fever made me worn and weak,
 Still, still her son essayed to speak,
 To struggle forth her name;—

Tell her stern Death my fate has sealed,
Tell her our country won the field,
Tell her we forced the foe to yield,
 To fly from us in shame.

“Now spread our flag, and let me see
Its colors float triumphantly,
Proclaiming joy and liberty
 And peace to all the land;
Now gently, comrade, rest my head
Upon some mossy, flowery bed,
My body soon will join the dead,
 My soul, the Angel band.”

His comrade sadly drew him near
A spot beside a shady tree,
Where he the sweetest songs could hear
 Of singing bird and humming bee.
And ere the Lily drooped its head,
The wounded warrior was dead.

Lines on the Death of Ellsworth.

We have received many poetical tributes to the memory of the lamented young soldier, so early removed—so worthy of being held in honor and remembrance. The following, which has reached us with the signature of M. D. O., possesses considerable merit.—*Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, Philadelphia Press.*

“Immortal be the memory of Ellsworth.”—*Dougherty.*

IMMORTAL! yes! thy name shall stand
 Enrolled among a hero band;
 And in each Freeman's heart shall be
 A deathless memory of thee.

Immortal! Does a Patriot die
 When stops his breath, when dims his eye—
 When fame begins, and Glory's star
 Shines brightly o'er the field of war?

Immortal! William Jasper's name
 Shall be less deathless than thy fame.
 On Moultrie's walls he placed our flag—
Thou hast torn down Disunion's Rag.

Immortal! Though God stop his breath,
A Patriot is exempt from death.
 He cannot die—death has no claim
 On him who bears a Patriot's name.

Immortal! When this strife is o'er,
And Treason braves the field no more,
Thy name shall be with honor sung
From every lip, from every tongue.

Immortal! Though thy voice no more
Shall cheer thy soldiers as of yore—
Though thy brave band shall mourn their dear,
Lost, murdered chief with many a tear;—

Immortal thou—like him of old,
Whose glorious fall our Halleck told
In words which moisten many an eye—
Like him, "*thou wert not born to die.*"

May 26, 1861.

On the Death of Miss ——.

IN the bloom of her youth, in the gay, laughing hours,
When life was a vision, all pleasure and dream,
When the path that she trod on was covered with
flowers,
And Hope shed around her its brightening beam ;
Ere the ills of humanity darkened her stay,
Ere the cares of this world marred her spirit's young
bloom,
This heavenly flower from earth flew away,
And the form that we worshiped we laid in the tomb.

Ere sin had polluted a blossom so fair,
Ere the world and its treasures profaned her,
She flew to the valley and region of air,
For the cold arm of Death had enchained her.
With a smile on her lip, and a light in her eye,
She willingly parted with father and mother,
And she said not a word, and she breathed not a sigh,
As her soul left this world for the bliss of another.

With the angels she sings in that Eden above,
In that bright, happy region of pleasure and bliss,
And she drinks of the fountain of Mercy and Love,
In a land which is better, far better than this.
Would you welcome her back, if she flew from her joy,
To this land which is sullied with sorrow and pain ?
Having tasted of pleasure unmixed with alloy,
She could never be happy in this world again.

The Only Daughter.

A MOTHER had a lovely child,
 A little girl of seven ;
She loved it with a love so wild,
She'd not have parted with that child
 For all the wealth of Heaven.

Her sole, supremest, dearest joy
 Was centered in that creature ;
She loved her better than her boy,
And thought that Death would ne'er destroy
 One portion of her feature.

But we are weak, and God is strong,
 The tyrant, Death, soon sought her ;
He snatched the one she'd cherished long,
The one she'd loved too deep, too strong,
 Bereft her of her daughter.

They laid her in her last low bed,
 And not a word was spoken ;
But we have often heard it said,
The mother glanced once on the dead,
 And then her heart was broken.

On the Death of Miss ——.

SOFT winds were sighing,
And roses were dying,
And cheeks were as pale as if touched with Death's
kiss,
For friends broken-hearted,
Wept o'er the departed,
Whose soul had ascended to regions of bliss.

Who knows the sorrow,
When each weary morrow
Renews the sad longings that yesterday knew ;
When each heart has striven,
To put faith in Heaven,
But fears it is more than a mortal can do ?

When brothers and sisters,
In sad, broken whispers
Speak love of the one who has fled to her home ;
When sister and brother
Embrace one another,
And pray that the Comforter hastening will come ?

Who knows the sorrow,
When care seems to borrow
Each trust which will doubtless add misery and pain ;
When hearts are all broken,
And each word that's spoken
Brings sad, sad remembrances into the brain ?

Ah! the soul's quiver,
As over the river
Of Death and of Darkness it fearfully goes,
And aching with sadness,
And hopeful to madness,
It sinks in Eternity's dreadful repose.

Ah! life with its flowers,
Its bright sunny hours,
Its bloom and its blossom must wither and fade,
And friends whom we cherish,
Must sicken and perish,
And in the cold churchyard in sorrow be laid.

But God has a heaven,
For those who have striven
To bear with their sorrow, to joy at their pain;
And when death shall linger,
A bright Angel's finger
Will point them to regions where blessed spirits reign.

On the Death of George W. Wood.

FAREWELL, old friend, when last I clasped
Thy hand in friendship's dear embrace,
I little thought I never more
Should gaze upon thy living face;
I little thought that Death would seize
A gem of such a priceless worth,
Or wilt a flower which just had bloomed
To beautify and bless the earth.

How could I think that thou would'st die,
In years so young, in hope so new,
Or deem I took a last farewell
Of him so gentle, kind, and true?
God marked thee for his own, and took
The one from us which he had given,
He deemed thee all too bright for earth,
And claimed thee for himself in heaven.

We mourn thy loss, but know that thou
Art happier far 'mid scenes above,
Than here, where death must blast each hope,
And fear walks hand in hand with love.
Farewell, old friend, we'll meet no more
'Mid scenes which are as dark as this,
But on that everlasting shore
Where life is an eternal bliss.

To a Mother on the Loss of her Daughter.

CEASE thy weeping, doating mother,
She, so loved, is happy now,
Life's long pain and sorrow over,
She is happier than thou.

Ere life's day had past the morning,
Ere she sunk to sin a prey,
Love of God her heart adorning,
She, thy loved one, passed away.

An Angel's crown to her is given,
And she is led through paths of bliss;
Oh! would'st thou have her give up heaven
For such a dread abode as this;—

And bring her back to sigh and mourn
For what she never could regain?
Oh! mother, pray her not return,
Or, rather pray her to remain.

My Birthday.

AH! many a night and many a morn
Have come and passed since I was born ;
And many a pleasant hour has fled,
And many a friend I loved is dead,
 Since first I trod this varied scene,
 Since first I saw fond hopes decay,
 Since first in paths of love I've been
 And saw, alas ! love pass away.
And oft my aching heart will sink
When on the Past I chance to think ;
When I look back on moments fled,
And ponder on the life I've led,
 My heart within my breast will weep,
 And on my great transgressions pause,
 For I have had transgressions deep,
 And wandered oft from Virtue's laws.
I've had fond friends, but they have flown,
And now I tread this world alone ;
But without friends, I blessed would be,
Were I from sin and sorrow free.
For sin breeds sorrow, how else fell
On man the misery of Hell ?
Sorrow is child of sin, and God
Rewards or punishes as we have trod
The ways of sin or virtue's ways,
As we have lived and spent our days.

Though years have passed since first I knew
The poignant grief,—the body's pain,
I found that life had pleasures too,
I've felt it o'er and o'er again.
And oft I think we mope and fret,
When we deserve not half we get.
Now when a year has passed away,
I mean a year from this Birthday,
I trust that time will find me then
As pure and innocent as when
My mother danced me on her knee,
And gently stroked my baby hair ;
Or sang sweet little songs to me,
And I was free from sin and care ;
And oh ! may no succeeding year,
Bring me a cause to shed a tear.

Poberty and Pride.

SHE lived in an humble cot,
A maid of high degree,
And many knew her not,
For very poor was she.

The proud heart came not there,
The haughty passed her by,
For little did they care
For such as her, and why?

They knew that she was poor,
But little else they knew;
Of those who passed her door
There entered in but few.

Her mother late had died,
Her father sick was laid,
And oft, and oft she cried
“There’s none to help this maid;—

“Oh, mother, from thy throne,
Look down and bless thy child,
Thy child so sad and lone
In this bleak world so wild.”

Perhaps the angels heard
The prayer the maid had given,
And entered every word
Upon the book of heaven.

God called her from this earth,
Where even Hope was dim,
And now she dwells above,
In endless peace with him.

Farewell.

FAREWELL ! I'll shed my tears for thee
Wherever I may roam,
And often they shall fall, and free,
For her I've left at home.

There's pleasure in a silent tear,
And oft a tear shall flow ;
And oh ! believe me, hearts sincere,
Alone this bliss can know.

For truant hearts can never weep,
Or feel this joy divine ;
But those which hold affections deep
Can shed their tears with mine.

And every tear-drop in my eye
Shall bring my thoughts to thee,
And wring from out my breast a sigh,
For her so loved by me.

Then let me weep ; why should I cease,
When weeping's joy to me ;
When every tear-drop brings me peace
And loving thoughts of thee ?

I've brought thee an Ivy Leaf.

I'VE brought thee an Ivy Leaf, only an Ivy Leaf,
From the land of the rose, where the wild heather
grows,
And the violet blossoms in quiet repose;—
I've brought thee an Ivy Leaf.

I'd have brought thee a lily, a beautiful lily,
But it would have sighed, till it faded and died,
And have drooped in humanity's withering tide,
So I brought thee an Ivy Leaf.

I'd have brought thee a rose-bud, a fairy-like rose-bud,
To place in thy hair and to perfume the air,
But it, like the lily, would fade in despair,
So I brought thee an Ivy Leaf.

An Ivy Leaf green, a bright, beautiful Ivy Leaf,
Type of thy heart, and as pure as thou art;
Oh! wear it forever, love, nearest thy heart;—
I've brought thee an Ivy Leaf.

The One I Love.

GIVE me a maiden young and fair,
A lady with dark and silken hair;
Oh, she's the lady I love, who can
Love not the *figure*, but the man.

For me a girl forgetful of self,
Who loves not fashion, dress nor wealth;
Oh, she's the lady I love, who can
Love not the *money*, but the man.

For me a lady with brilliant mind,
Loving as Mary, with heart as kind,—
And "long and loving our life shall be,"
For she'll find a lover true in me.

April 7, 1858.

To ——.

I THINK by day and dream by night
Of thee, love, of thee ;
And none who ever meet my sight,
Seem half so fair, or half so bright,
To me, love, to me.

At noon I cast my thought on none
But thee, love, but thee ;
And from the morn till set of sun,
I think of thee, the only one
Dear to me, to me.

Life has its flowers—thou art mine,—
None but thee, but thee ;
Eyes may sweeter, brighter shine,
But none glance such rays as thine,
For me, love, for me.

In my prayers I'll be blessing
None but thee, but thee ;
To my bosom I'll be pressing,
Soothing, calming and caressing
None so loved by me.

Wilt thou never, never change?

WILT thou never, never change,
 Wilt thou love as well to-morrow,
 Will the moments never come,
 When I'll think of thee with sorrow?
 Wilt thou never, never change,
 Wilt thou wander from me never;
 Will thy smile be always mine,
 And thy heart be mine forever?

Chorus.—Wilt thou never, never change,
 Wilt thou wander from me never;
 Will thy smile be always mine,
 And thy heart be mine forever?

Wilt thou never, never change,
 Can I trust the vows thou'rt making?
 Ah! my heart, though happy now,
 Without thee would soon be breaking.
 I have pledged thee all I have,
 I will play the truant never—
 Will thy smile be always mine,
 And thy heart be mine forever?

Chorus.—Wilt thou never, never change,
 Wilt thou wander from me never;
 Will thy smile be always mine,
 And thy heart be mine forever?

Wilt thou never, never change,
In youth, in age, in sorrow ?
When old Time has plowed my cheek,
With his beauty-marring furrow—
Will thy hand be near to help,
Will thy heart forsake me never,
Will thy smile be always mine,
And thy love be mine forever ?

Chorus.—Wilt thou never, never change,
Wilt thou wander from me never ;
Will thy smile be always mine,
And thy heart be mine forever ?

Pure Love.

I LOVED her not for Fashion,
I loved her not for Wealth,
But 'twas a purer passion—
I loved her for herself.

I loved her for her virtue,
I prized her for her worth,
Her pleasing, maiden innocence,
And joyous, happy mirth.

She cheered me in my sadness,
She soothed me in my pain,—
But past is all my gladness,
I'll ne'er see her again.

She's now a saint in heaven,
On earth we'll meet no more ;
She was but lent, not given,
And my fond hope is o'er.

Dearest, I've been roving.

DEAREST, I've been roving,
But my heart is loving
 As it used to be ;
Now I'm home returning,
Warm that heart is burning
 With sweet thoughts of thee.

In my wanderings, dearest,
Thou hast been the nearest
 To my young heart true ;
And I long to press thee,
And with joy caress thee,
 As I used to do.

Older hearts may sever,
But my young heart never
 Can be torn from thee ;
Thou art still the nearest,
And shall be the dearest,
 I can ever see.

Nay.

“ THY eyes say ‘ Yes,’ but, ah, thy heart,
I know not what thy heart will say ;
Come, tell me, dearest, ere we part,
If it would answer ‘ Nay.’ ”

“ I’ve loved thee long, but ne’er before
Could I have told thee till to-day,
But now, my foolish fears are o’er,
Ah, do not answer ‘ Nay.’ ”

The crimson burns upon thy cheek,
Thou canst not drive the blush away ;
Thy heart, ah, dearest, did it speak
It would not answer “ Nay.”

I gently pressed a blushing cheek,
And wiped a glistening tear away ;
And then, her heart, I heard it speak,
It did not answer “ Nay.”

The Dyer.

The *Martin* who perpetrated the following, deserves to be shot.—*Magazine*.

A *Dyer* *died* and dead was he ;
He lived to *dye*, and *died* to be
A *Dyer* still ; for still his hair
Was colored black with *dye*-stuff rare ;
His coffin, too, was *dyed* with red,
And now this *Dyer* has *died* *dead*.

1857.

My Pigeons.

ANOTHER pleasant hope has fled,
Another little pigeon's dead—
 My pets die one by one ;
I've lost so many birds before,
And raised so few from my two score,
With them, I think, that I have more
 Of sorrow than of fun.

One egg is laid, then one to match,
But ten to one they will not hatch,
 They break before their time ;
If into life one birdie hies,
He rarely lives until he flies,
He's picked and fought until he dies—
 To live would be a crime.

From all my forty birds so fair,
I nearly raised a single pair ;
 They fattened and they grew,—
But ah ! I could not trust to fate,
One bird would die, and soon or late
The other one would join its mate,
 And so I ate the two.

Queries and Questions.

A NEW VERSION.

- Is it anybody's business
If a young man goes to see
A lady very homely,
Or a maid of thirty-three ?
Or, to speak in plainer English,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If an old maid has a beau ?
- Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if she wears
A dress much out of fashion,
Or a collar full of tears ?
- Is it anybody's business
But the gentleman's, if he
Wears a pair of English whiskers,
Or diminutive goatee ?
- Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To kiss a pretty lady,
If the lady don't refuse ?
Or should the people worry,
If they do not chance to know
What has become of Lizzie,
Or of Lizzie's handsome beau ?

Is it anybody's business
If a young man in the Fall,
Wears a hat renowned in Paris,
Or don't wear a hat at all?
Or, to speak a little plainer
So you'll see what I am at,
Is it anybody's business
If he wears a Paris hat?

Is it anybody's business
If a bonnet's very small,
Or of a size diminutive,
Or of no size at all?
Or if a pretty female
Wears her bonnet on her head,
Or has a colored waiter-man
To carry it instead?

I will ask one other question,
And will then my task resign,
Is my business your business,
Or is your business mine?
Now, if I mind my own business
I've enough work to do,
And, if you mind your business,
It's enough work for you.

Lines supposed to be written by J***n W***d, Jr., to

O. J. Martin.*

WHEN the orb of day is rising,
 To give light to mine and me,
 Should it be at all surprising
 I should think, dear friend, of thee—
 When I tell thee, that in going
 To my bed last night at nine,
 I was all my thought bestowing
 On the peace of thee and thine?

C**r** L*k***† stopped in passing,
 And you know how pleased he looks
 When he sees the wealth I'm massing
 In the way of handsome books.

* "I miss you in the morning when shad is waiting for somebody; I miss you at noon when the salad wants dressing; I miss you in the afternoon when I have nobody to plague or take round the garden; I miss you whenever I go to the stable to see Dick (the dog, so named); and when I go out riding behind the black horse, that don't kick up any more (I think he kicked for your benefit); I miss you at supper; I miss you in the evening, especially at bed-time (*i.e.*, from 8 to 9 o'clock, P.M.); and I miss you all the hours of the day and night not herein mentioned. I want you out of favor to me, to write a piece of Poetry—as if I was the author—as if I wrote it to you, entitled, 'I miss you,' and embody in it all I have written above, and any other sentiments expressive of the idea."—*Conshohocken, May 18, 1865.*

† C**r** L*k***. A friend of both parties, and a frequent visitor at Mr. W***d's house. A capital, good fellow.

So to my Library we wended,
 And discussed a book or two,
 But our conversation ended,
 By us both discussing you.

“Dick’s a fellow pretty clever,”
 C**r**l** L*k*** kindly said:
 “Yes,” I answered, “but he never
 Goes in proper time to bed.
 Hang him! when my eyes are peepy,
 And I scarce make out to see,
 He is anything but sleepy,
 And talks on remorselessly.

“Talks and talks, until he utters
 Many things not over bright,
 And I rise and close the shutters*
 And put out the Library light.
 Then, my stars! you ought to hear him,
 Really, Charley, ’tis too bad!
 But I cannot say I fear him,
 Though he scolds like one gone mad.

“Soon I hush this little riot,
 And ‘good-night’ is kindly said,
 Soon the house is very quiet,
 And Dick’s tongue is stilled in bed.

* Mr. W**d is as sleepy a mortal as I ever met with, and at half past eight o’clock P. M. he is always ready for bed.

But when breakfast's on the table,
And the time for talking gone,
When *to eat* is all I'm able,
Still Dick's tongue is talking on."

Thus did we converse about you,
But our tongues *you* need not fear,
For I grieved to be without you,
And I wished that you were here.
Wished your kindly face before me,
Longed to hear your jokes once more,
For though sleep was stealing o'er me,*
I recalled the scenes of yore.

And the hours that we together,
Sweetly, happily have passed,
Came as bright as summer weather,
With no cloud upon them cast.
False, unfaithful friends have moved me,
Thou at least, wert ever true,
Some warm hearts perhaps have loved me,
But not better, Dick, than you.

So I yearn forever for you,
And I always wish you here,
And I earnestly implore you
To come back, my heart to cheer.
Oh! come back, I miss you ever—
In the morning, noon, and night,
And my little home is never
Half so happy, half so bright,

* This must have been about half-past eight.

As when you, with Meerschaum lighted,
 Seat yourself near mine and me,
 And we listen rapt, delighted,
 To your tales and poetry.
 Ah! you bring the realms of fairy
 Brightly to our vision's view,
 And my wife, my loving Mary,
 Half forgets your smoke for you.

Do come back, for I have very,
 Very many things will please,
 From the tempting, red strawberry,
 To the exquisite green peas.
 Ah! these berries we have need of,
 And their like is rarely found,
 They are berries that you read of,
 Sixteen of them weigh a pound.*

Do come back, and let me take you
 Round my garden so near by,—
 I will guarantee to make you
 Well and hearty, or you'll die.
If the exercise don't kill you,
 You will be a new-made man,—
 Come to Conshohocken, will you?
 And we'll do the best we can.

So, my friend, let me entreat you,
 By the love you feel for me,
 Just to state the time to meet you,
 And I'll drive down cheerfully.

* He had some strawberry plants that he told me would produce ounce berries.

For my heart is sad and lonely,
I forever think of you—
And I will be happy only
When you're back at "River View."*

May 19, 1865.

* "River View" was a fancy name I gave his place.

Reputation.

WE'RE all afloat,
In a leaky boat,
On Life's tempestuous river ;
And ere we think,
'Mid the waves we sink,
To rise again, ah ! never.

The stream flows on,
But our boat is gone,
Is wrecked 'mid the foaming surges ;
And without a boat,
On our backs we float,
Life's current downward urges.

'Tis hard to row
This Life's batteau
Up the stream with the current rushing,
If she lose her name,
She will sink in shame,
In shame which is ever crushing.

Life.

LIFE has a pleasing smile for youth,
And strews his path with flowers ;
And as he strays with Hope and Truth,
For many sunny hours,—
He cannot see the piercing thorn,
Which lies amid the roses ;
He knows no night, for all is morn,
Until his summer closes.

But winter, with his icy form,
Bestows his cold caresses
On many a youth whose heart is warm,
And racks him with distresses ;
And night comes on, and Life is dark,
And coldly blow the breezes,
Until at last the vital spark
Within his bosom freezes.

To ———.

THOU art too cold, too calm, too real,
To be my burning heart's ideal ;
To me thou art a living star,
That must be worshiped from afar.

I may not to my bosom press thee,
I may not fondle and caress thee ;
I cannot feel that thou art mine
By every look and word of thine.

Souls, feelings, thoughts, should mix together,
Like streams that meet and form a river,
Or Love will freeze, for, like the ocean,
He lives on warm and wild emotion.

Oh ! be not so divine and saintly,
In thee, Love's fire must burn but faintly,
So faintly I can scarcely doubt
It will but sparkle and die out.

Be less an angel, more a woman,
Be anything but coldly human ;
And won by that bewitching face,
My heart with thine will change its place.

If Love within thy bosom lies,
Bid him but speak through those bright eyes,
And oh ! with what wild speed he'll start
To picture in those orbs thy heart !

Song of the Consumptive.

COUGH, cough, cough !
 When will this racking cease ?
 Cough, cough, cough !
 When will I find release ?
 I pine for dear ones gone,
 I pine for unmade wealth,
 And the dreary hours I think of them,
 I cough away my health.

Cough, cough, cough !
 When will I cough my last ?
 Cough, cough, cough !
 All earthly peace is past.
 Oh ! thou consuming curse,
 Thou all-devouring power,
 With thee we are daily better and worse,
 And we hope and despair the same hour !

Cough, cough, cough !
 What joy of friends have I ?
 Cough, cough, cough !
 I must cough, and cough and die.
 Each one who sees me now,
 Sighs, and sadly shakes his head—
 “ ’Twill not be long,” he says, “ or I’m wrong,
 Ere our friend sleeps with the dead.”

Cough, cough, cough!—
Ah! how painlessly they rest,
Who have coughed their last, and gone to sleep
Upon their Maker's breast.
Lord! when thy chastening rod
Has done its work with me,
Through affliction with resignation borne,
Let me pass through all clouds to Thee.

To Carrie.

WHEN no thought nor sense is mine,
When my eyes forever close,
When my hand lies cold in thine
And no gentle pressure knows ;
When this throbbing heart is stilled,
When I sleep my wakeless sleep,
And my warm life-blood is chilled,
Wilt thou weep, wilt thou weep ?

When my lips return no kiss,
When my cheeks are pale and wan,
When the rapture and the bliss
Of our meeting, love, are gone ;
When the dear ones o'er my bed
Their sad watch and vigil keep—
When I slumber with the dead,
Wilt thou weep, wilt thou weep ?

When they close the coffin lid,
And the form which thou hadst pressed,
Is forever, ever hid
From those eyes that loved it best ;
When thy heart-felt prayer to God
Cannot rouse me from my sleep,
And I rest beneath the sod,
Wilt thou weep, wilt thou weep ?

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